yours, endlessly

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by pageceleste

Summary

> “Tell us Soobinie,” Taehyun adds, curious and demanding. “Tell us or you won’t be getting anything you want at all.”
>
> Soobin bursts into tears.
>
> Not the breathy delicate sobs he typically lets out when he’s been aroused and stimulated to levels previously unheard of. No, Soobin wails.
>
> Then, chaos.
>
> Soobin wants to feel owned. He does not communicate this to anyone. Cue the emotional distress.

Notes

> please note: this work does not intend to depict realistic or exemplary communication/negotiation of kinks & preferences in a relationship. i wrote this for them to be together and goofy and in love ヽ(｡˃ ᵕ ˂)ノ♡

See the end of the work for more notes

Soobin knows they all have kinks. He also knows, objectively, that they are nothing to be embarrassed about. With four people who have seen his asshole a lot more times than he himself has, well, there's really nothing left to hide.

Except there *is*. Soobin is *embarrassed*.

The other four don't have the same problem. In fact, Soobin privately thinks some of them could probably afford to be a little more embarrassed about the weird things they like to do in bed. Without naming any names, *certain individuals he shares a surname with* are terribly and unendingly exuberant about their kinks and preferences, and blissfully unaware of Soobin internally combusting every time any of them so much as refer to his ass as his bunny hole.

Sometimes they call it *their* bunny hole and that makes the butterflies in Soobin's tummy amplify hundredfold, so much so that he starts getting lightheaded and feels struck mute. Which, of course, renders him all the more unable to communicate just how much he, well, *loves* it. Therein lies the problem.

Being the chronic overthinker and dramatic self-critic he is, Soobin lies awake in bed at night and agonises over not being able to ask for what he wants. Why is it so hard? No one else seems to have a problem bringing up things they like to do. Why can't he do the same?

They've been together long enough that they all have a pretty good grasp of what the other four like, but once in a while they still get surprises. Yeonjun, in particular, is a never-ending well of experimentation, though it usually goes without saying that he likes to be in charge. He gets wildly caught-up with strange roleplay scenario ideas that he picks up from *god-knows-where*, and they all regularly have to humour him by playing his emperor's concubines, or his Santa's elves or, most notably and bizarrely, his Lego prince and princess figurines stuck to the floors of his big Lego castle (*don't even ask*).

Just last month, the doorbell had rung and Yeonjun had leapt straight over the living room sofa to get to the door and then spent the rest of the afternoon crowing with delight over the parcel of animal ears and tails and collars he'd bought for them all to wear. Floppy puppy ears and a big bushy tail for Kai, smaller, rounded ears and a fluffy nub of a tail for Beomgyu, kitten ears and a long, soft tail for Taehyun, bunny ears and a little cottontail for Soobin, and a pretty belled lace collar each. Yeonjun had proceeded to loftily pronounce himself their owner and spent a very gratifying evening making them bark and meow and beg as he desired. He'd also unsuccessfully tried to get Soobin to binky for him. Soobin had informed him in no uncertain terms that it was *not* going to happen and he'd rather die. Needless to say, Yeonjun is *very* into petplay.

Beomgyu gets his fun messing with the dynamics. He'll be a doe-eyed angel waiting to be praised one day, a cocky brat dying to be whipped and denied the next, and then, without any warning whatsoever, will be a demanding dom ordering them around the day after that. The last time he'd been in a dommy headspace he'd gotten them in trouble by blithely and emphatically calling Soobin and Kai his little whores in front of a flabbergasted makeup assistant, who, in all fairness, none of them had noticed was in the room. Beomgyu, however,

happens to be *very* into degradation and humiliation, so much so that it had taken a whole week of heated back-and-forths with Beomgyu vehemently insisting he couldn't have known they weren't alone for Soobin to accept that he hadn't done it on purpose.

Regardless of which one he's in, Beomgyu gets deeply immersed in these headspaces and procures great enjoyment from making them all play with him only and exactly the way he wants, and then will decide out of the blue that he's in a new mood and switch. Sometimes a certain headspace will only last minutes. They've all abandoned their efforts of trying to keep up with his switches and have come instead to rely on his brazen and, often, very loud pronouncements of his ever-changing moods, which he very happily and enthusiastically makes. No problem at all.

Taehyun can be more complicated, a little more prone to get caught up in his own head like Soobin does. He likes to switch too, but differently from Beomgyu. He knows exactly what he wants at any given time and makes his mind up for himself. He goes to Yeonjun when he wants to be folded in half and handled roughly, Kai when he wants to be worshipped and to dole out orders while being fucked, and Soobin when he wants to be domineering and throw someone around. With Beomgyu, like all things Beomgyu, it's a toss up between pulling hair and spitting into someone's mouth or, well, getting his hair pulled and being spat on. Taehyun seems to equally enjoy both.

When something upsets him, though, or when he thinks too hard about something he wants to do or have done to him but doesn't know how to bring up, he gets progressively more quiet, retreats into himself and his room, and will eventually lock the door and go silent, at which point they all typically panic (except Hueningie who Taehyun will usually allow in to curl up under his bed with him), and park themselves outside his door knocking desperately and begging him to tell them what's wrong. Taehyun, unfortunately, is completely impervious to begging no matter what state of mind he's in (and Soobin would know, having had lots of experience trying).

Thankfully, Taehyun also happens to be admirably self-regulated and unfailingly logical and will eventually emerge fresh-faced and clear-headed, with a succinct apology and thorough explanation. These explanations can take various forms, and Soobin and the others, at differing points in their relationship, have been handed, to name a few, a sheaf of papers that read like a dissertation on the psychological benefits of impact play (references included), an extensive presentation on 'The Importance of Restraints: To Have and To Hold', and a folded-up note that just read "*i* ". These revelations typically leave Soobin absolutely mortified, as well as completely in awe of the phenomenon that is Kang Taehyun. Asking directly for what he wants? Having honest and detailed conversations about their sex life? What the fuck, Kang Taehyun. What the actual fuck.

Huening Kai, notoriously easy to please, is the simplest to work out. Most of the reason for which being that he is also notoriously *eager* to please. He happily kneels for Yeonjun, lets himself get slapped around and ridden by an enthusiastic Beomgyu, dutifully fucks multiple orgasms out of Taehyun, and eats Soobin out regularly with unceasing vigour. He also calls them all noona and oppa and unnie as and when he pleases, has them wear cute skirts and frilly panties for him completely subject to his whims and fancies, and is as a whole thoroughly satisfied and extremely adorable. He is likely all too aware that none of them have

ever been able to refuse him anything and that he can invariably get anything he wants with puppy eyes and a whine. Lucky (cute) bastard.

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It's all a lot to keep track of. As the only one among them with any sense whatsoever, Taehyun takes the organised approach and writes out their sex schedule on a large calendar he hangs on their kitchen wall to make sure everyone's getting to do the things they like to do on a regular basis and that no one's getting left out. It's not exactly a difficult feat to catch 5 twenty-year-old guys horny at the same time but their packed and ever conflicting schedules mean they have to compromise and fuck in twos or threes a lot of the time rather than all together like they prefer. Yeonjun and Beomgyu scribble liberally on the calendar every opportunity they get, words that make Soobin's cheeks flame to even read, like orgasm denial, and cockstepping, and "*PUPPY PLAY!!!*" in all caps. How is he supposed to get through the week knowing he has "*Soobin facefucking (after vocal practice)*" scheduled on Friday night? How is he supposed to exist in these conditions? How is he supposed to live?

Hueningie, ever supportive of all Taehyun's endeavours, takes the cutiepie approach and provides them all with sheets and sheets of animal stickers so they can indicate when they'd be available and what mood they'll possibly find themselves in. Yeonjun consults his personal schedule and puts fox stickers all over the calendar whenever he has so much as a half hour free with another one of them.

"Just in case," he insists, though they know it's all too likely that when the time comes he'll decide he'd rather eat ramyun and watch panda videos sprawled all over the living room than give one of his subs their promised railing. Yeonjun is a dear though, and the most indulgent of their every spoiled whim and their bratty fits, so no one begrudges him his stickers or his pandas.

Taehyun and Hueningie add their squirrel and penguin stickers in modest spreads across the calendar, which are promptly buried under Beomgyu's additions. Beomgyu, under Kai's tutelage, decides to use bear stickers to indicate times he'd like to dom and cute maltese faces for subby occasions. As no one, least of all himself, has any concept of when or how these moods may come about, he plasters on a mountain of both at random and proceeds to adhere to precisely none of his projected schedules. Taehyun typically (and very patiently) will spend fifteen minutes every week picking off these stickers with Beomgyu's personal schedule on hand and will put a bear and maltese pair wherever he actually has time off.

Soobin has come to also rely on Taehyun to add bunny stickers on his behalf to the calendar. Not solely due to the fact that Taehyun is certain to do a substantially neater and more efficient job, but namely because he is mortified beyond belief just at the thought of planning out things he wants to do in bed, let alone on a calendar hung up on their kitchen wall that any one of the others will be able to read whenever they walk past it. In fact, he is too embarrassed to look at the thing at all himself, and spends most of his meals staring down at his bowl to avoid seeing it.

He does hurriedly snap a slightly blurry picture of it when he's sure none of the other four are around and spends a long few hours of the evening studying it under the covers in the dark, squirming about as silently as he can manage, legs pressed together, as the glow from his

phone screen highlights him in all his red-faced shame. Somehow, none of the hours of porn he has stashed away on his phone and in his mental imagery affect him as much as seeing the fact that someone has taken the liberty of pencilling him in for "*edging (at least 3 times!)*" this weekend. Judging by the handwriting, the culprit is Beomgyu, and the mental picture it produces slams into him like a ton of bricks.

Cheeks burning but unable to stop himself, Soobin slides a hand between his legs and into his shorts, curls a tentative hand around his already-stiff dick, and gives it a first tentative pull.

Beomgyu, cornering him in the bathroom, crowding him against the shower wall, under the spray of water, one hand sliding up his chest to grip his jaw tight, his other hand, small and soft, curling around his dick, tugging impatiently at it to work him to hardness.

Soobin fucks into his fist, building up a gradual rhythm. His phone falls, forgotten, to the sheets, and narrowly misses hitting him in the face. The dry friction against his dick pulls a muffled whimper out of him that he can only hope was quiet enough to go unheard until, at the end of the next stroke, he swipes his fingers over the precum pooling at his tip and lets it smooth the slide down. The wet glide of his cock into his fist the next time he ruts his hips forward starts him panting through his teeth.

Beomgyu, on his knees in front of him, swallowing down his length in one go, chastising hands slapping and pinching at his thighs when Soobin stops being able to hold himself back from pulling at his hair. The same hands then grabbing his balls hard, pretty eyes blinking up at him with an eyebrow raised in warning until Soobin relinquishes his grip on his hair altogether.

It's good, it's really good but Soobin needs more. Flushed and heaving, he brings his right hand to his mouth and slips a couple of fingers inside, swirling his tongue around them to get them wet. He sucks them deeper in, until the pads of his fingers hit the back of his mouth and he feels the muscles in his throat convulsing around the intrusion. His hands are bigger and longer than Beomgyu's so he doesn't need to push back as far on his own fingers to feel himself choke on them like he knows Beomgyu would have needed to. He holds them there for a moment, swallowing around the digits, before he pulls them out, soaked in saliva that drips down his palm in thick strings.

He sucks in a couple of ragged breaths, throat raw and heart racing, and reaches around to prod past his asscheeks to the clenched furl of his rim. It's an awkward pose and Soobin stretches one of his legs out and pulls the other knee to his chest to give himself better access. He's tight, and the stretch of his muscles around the first digit makes him hiss as he nudges his finger inside himself, jabbing impatiently deeper and deeper in, as Beomgyu tends to do.

Beomgyu, on his bed with Soobin bent over in his lap, clutching one handful of his hair and another handful of his upturned, spanked red-raw ass, both grips punishingly tight, fingernails digging into his scalp and the tender skin of his behind, leaning down to murmur in his ear, "Are you ready to be my good boy now, Soobin-ah?"

Soobin's falling apart now, eyes squeezed shut over the image of Beomgyu's hands on him, biting into his pillowcase to keep himself from letting a moan slip out. Two fingers deep, he humps his hips back and forth between the wetness of his closed tight fist and the fingers

curling desperately up inside himself to brush against his prostate, sending dizzying jolts of pleasure through him with every thrust.

Beomgyu on him, over him, in him. Beomgyu, Beomgyu, Beomgyu.

Beomgyu!

A lump of sharp elbows and pointy knees lands haphazardly on top of him and unceremoniously rips the covers off his head. Soobin panics and shrieks, loud and startled, pulling his fingers frantically out of his tender hole. By the time his heart resumes beating and he's remembered how to breathe again, Beomgyu's laughing face in all its real-life glory has come into view, grinning mischievously down at him, big eyes sparkling with gleeful mirth. Soobin glances about desperately for his phone and finds it by his head, screen thankfully gone dark. Small mercies.

"Having some fun by ourselves, are we?" Beomgyu cackles, taking Soobin's flushed face and heaving chest in. "What's today's flavour? Tentacle porn again?"

Soobin is going to kill him. He is absolutely going to kill him and it is going to be painful. It wouldn't even be hard. Beomgyu is skinny and shockingly weak. He could hold him down with one hand and choke him out with another and never be terrorised by this fucking menace ever again-

"Aw, I think I scared your little friend away," Beomgyu teases with an exaggerated pout, glancing pointedly down at Soobin's lap.

Fuck that. Beomgyu doesn't deserve a quick death by suffocation. Soobin's going to go at him with a blowtorch and a pair of tweezers. Nevermind the fact that deep down he really does love him. Yeonjun would probably help, Beomgyu torments him more than anyone else.

"Boy, it really doesn't look like it's going to come back. Poor Soobinie," Beomgyu says patronisingly, still staring down at Soobin's bare crotch.

He makes to go and pet it, at which point Soobin recovers enough to yell an indignant, "Fuck off!", and shoves Beomgyu off his bed. He hears him hit the ground with a gratifying thump.

Beomgyu, unharmed and still cackling, gets up to pull the covers off Soobin completely and throws them on the ground.

"Pull your pants up and come outside! I ordered chicken for us. Hurry up, I'm hungry!"

Point made, Beomgyu makes one last patronising face at Soobin, pets his head like one would a particularly pathetic puppy, and flounces out of the room, tilting his head merrily from side to side as he sings some nonsense song at the top of his lungs.

Soobin wants to kill him. Soobin wants to die. He pulls his pants up and trails him out of the bedroom to eat chicken instead.

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Kai corners him in the practice room the next day after their schedule has ended. The others have all gone home, leaving Soobin alone to run through the choreography over and over again in an effort to get rid of some of his pent-up frustration (no thanks to a certain *someone*) and, more importantly, to continue to avoid thinking about all the things he's been avoiding thinking about.

Hueningie sidles into the practice room with a happy little yip when he spies Soobin and wastes no time striding towards him and pushing him up against the mirrored wall. Even as Soobin starts voicing a protest, cheek smushed against the cool surface, he feels a warm contentment spread in his belly and lets Kai position him however he wishes.

"Beomgyu-hyung told me you didn't get to finish what you were doing last night," Kai says, mouth against his ear, his hand already creeping around to cup the front of Soobin's pants. "He asked if I'd help you out today after practice. I think he felt bad."

While Soobin thinks it highly unlikely that a demon like Beomgyu has ever experienced the feeling of remorse, and, rather, probably just thought it would be funny to share Soobin's humiliation with another uninvolved party, it's increasingly hard to voice this sentiment with Kai's hands fondling eagerly over his crotch, banishing all sane thought from his mind.

"I'll take care of you here, okay Soobinie-hyung? What do you want?"

"What do you want?"

The words echo uncomfortably in Soobin's head.

"What do you want? What do you want? What do you want?" What *does* he want?

A coldness forms and settles at the bottom of his chest and he squirms out of Kai's grip to look at him apologetically.

"Not today, okay Hueningie? I want to get this choreography right."

Huening Kai pouts, a sad little ball of adorable puppy. "Do you want me to stay and help you? I don't mind."

"No it's okay. I'll focus better alone."

"Tell you what," Soobin tries, when Huening Kai's mouth only curves further downwards at his words, "You can sleep in my bed tonight, kay? I'll join you when I get home and we can cuddle."

Kai perks up immediately.

"Okay! See you later Soobinie-hyung! I love you, ppo ppo."

"Love you too, squashie boy."

Kai beams and trots happily back out of the practice room, presumably eager to head back and make himself at home in Soobin's bed by using up all of his blanket himself. When

Soobin's sure he's out of earshot, he slumps into a dejected lump on the ground and groans. He unfortunately discovers quickly that lying crumpled on the floor invites a lot of mental space for self-flagellation, and gets up to run through the choreography again instead. Once more, then another time, then another and another until his limbs are jellylike and shaking.

By the time Soobin gets home he's completely spent, with a dull throbbing behind his eyes and a dry nausea that rises and wanes in the back of his throat. Stepping out of the shower into his bedroom he finds that Kai, true to form, has starfished himself across Soobin's bed and taken the liberty of using all his blanket and both pillows. He's also got three of his plushies tucked in with him. With his hair splayed out around his head like a halo, though, he's, fortunately for him, so, so cute.

Soobin slides in carefully, shushes Kai when he starts to rouse, and lets him claim one of Soobin's arms to cuddle close to his chest while he snuffles contentedly against Soobin's shoulder. On his back staring into the darkness, Soobin feels tears of frustration well up into his eyes and, unwilling to wipe them away and risk waking Kai, roll down the sides of his face into his ears.

"What's wrong with you, Choi Soobin?" he thinks, desperately. *"What's wrong with you?"*

He doesn't fall asleep that night. He barely sleeps the next night either, or the ones that follow that, tossing and turning fitfully.

"What's wrong with you? What's wrong with you? What's wrong with you?"

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As absolutely no one could have predicted, several late nights of overthinking spiral into significant emotional distress and, in classic Soobin-fashion, by the next time the stickers align for them to all pile into a bedroom to have what they expect to be an extended and enthusiastic round of group sex, Soobin is a mess.

He hides it as best he can but the ball of discomfort that's settled snugly into the bottom of his stomach twists around furiously, leaving him frazzled and unsure of himself. The others, with no such reservations, have wasted no time getting into it. On the other side of the bed they've piled themselves into, Yeonjun's got Beomgyu flat on his back under him while he strings a pair of cuffs between the rails of the headboard to secure Beomgyu's hands above his head. Beomgyu, bratty energy in full force today, is squirming and kicking and yelling to make it as hard as possible for him to do so.

"Want Soobin!" Beomgyu whines, just to be difficult, straining his cuffed hands as far as he can to reach in Soobin's direction. "Want Binnie. Binnie, Binnie!"

When Yeonjun's third demand for him to stay still and be quiet goes unheeded, he slaps him sharply across the face and sternly grips his cheeks tight with one hand, making Beomgyu's mouth fall open. To absolutely no one's surprise, Beomgyu only moans.

"Be good, Beomie," Yeonjun says firmly. "I don't waste my time taking care of insolent brats. Understand?"

When Beomgyu doesn't answer, just blinks at him, mouth still gaping, Yeonjun smacks him again, harshly steels his grip on his cheeks, and jerks Beomgyu's head from side to side like he's shaking a misbehaving puppy.

"Answer me, Beomgyu. Or I'm not going to touch you at all tonight."

That shakes Beomgyu out of his stupor.

"I understand," he insists, wide-eyed and panting, words garbled from Yeonjun's fingers digging into his cheeks.

"And don't distract Soobinie. Taehyun and Hueningie are going to take care of him after you so *rudely* interrupted his alone time earlier this week."

The realisation that more people, probably everyone in the room from the hums of acknowledgement he catches with burning ears, have been made aware of Soobin's humiliating attempt at self-gratification, makes him long to wither away into the ground and never be seen again.

Alas, such things are not to be.

"I won't," Beomgyu mewls, but his voice is already is regaining its bratty whine.

Soobin doesn't have the opportunity to dwell on it, though, with Taehyun and Huening Kai redirecting his attention towards them with a gentle hold on his jaw. His regained awareness of the position he's in makes him flush anew.

Huening's got Soobin lying back in his lap, and is all bright eyes and gleeful smiles gazing down at him. He's got a firm hold of both Soobin's wrists, one in each hand, and tightens his grip with a chastising tut when Soobin squirms shyly between his legs. To Soobin's front, Taehyun leans over him, eyes glinting, thumb rubbing tender circles into the blushing apples of his cheeks.

"Pretty Soobinie," Huening Kai coos. His cock is already hard, pressing insistently into Soobin's back.

"Pretty," Taehyun acquiesces, hands now squeezing around Soobin's waist like he's trying to make his fingers meet around it. He nearly succeeds. Soobin feels it.

"But dirty too," Taehyun continues, taunting. His thumb starts rubbing along the strip of skin above the waistband of Soobin's underwear.

Soobin whimpers.

"Only dirty little boys finger themselves under the covers all alone, Soobinie. What were you thinking about when you humped your filthy little fingers, huh? Tell us."

Taehyun's hands are dipping below Soobin's waistband now. Behind him, Kai's released his wrists, trusting Soobin to keep them obediently still where he's left them. He slides his

unoccupied hands down his chest instead to start fiddling instead with his rapidly hardening nipples, pinching and rubbing until they're stiff, swollen nubs.

Soobin's mind goes horribly blank. Telling the truth would be so embarrassing it would likely kill him. While death might be preferable to the situation he's found himself in, he adores Hueningie way too much to leave him with the trauma of having one of his boyfriends pass away quite unexpectedly in his lap.

There's always the option of lying. Beomgyu's suggestion of tentacle porn is, regrettably, not entirely implausible. Still humiliating beyond belief, yes, but better than the alternative.

He ultimately settles, not completely of his own will, on saying nothing. Instead, he forms his mouth hopelessly around several unintelligible phrases, while absolutely no audible sound emerges. Hot tears begin to prickle behind his eyes, which he furiously tries to blink back. To Taehyun and Kai, it must look like he's having a stroke.

"C'mon Soobinie-hyung," Kai's voice coaxes from somewhere above him. Soobin finds his vision too blurry to quite make him out.

"Tell us Soobinie," Taehyun adds, curious and demanding. "Tell us or you won't be getting anything you want at all."

Soobin bursts into tears.

Not the breathy, delicate sobs he typically lets out when he's been aroused and stimulated to levels previously unheard of. No, Soobin wails.

Then, chaos.

Yeonjun, immediately alarmed, makes to move across the bed to pull Soobin into his arms, but is prevented by an indignant Beomgyu, who begins writhing and thrashing in his bonds, demanding to be let free to fly to Soobin's aid. Yeonjun, disoriented and frantic, discovers that he can't find the key to the cuffs. This prompts Beomgyu, frustrated and distressed in Soobin's honour, to start yelling and kicking wildly at Yeonjun. One of his bony knees finds its mark dangerously close to Yeonjun's crotch.

Huening Kai hands are all over him, smoothing frantically down his chest, cupping his face, and running though his hair so haphazardly he might as well be tugging on it. It's hard to make out a person's expression well when you're bawling, even if the person's face is hovering inches above yours, but Hueningie looks pretty distraught.

Taehyun doesn't do much better. He keeps asking, over and over, if Soobin is okay, if he's hurt and, "What's wrong hyung? Please tell me. Was that not okay?"

Soobin wouldn't have an answer for him even if he wasn't choking on ragged sobs and unable to speak. Taehyun's mouth, blurry, is an ever-moving blob in Soobin's teary vision. "Hyung," he keeps repeating, "Hyung, hyung, hyung."

"I don't know!" Soobin wants to say. All that comes out are dismal weeping noises.

Beongyu, finally released, scrambles across the bed to throw himself into Soobin's arms and demand to know what's wrong. He cups Soobin's teary cheeks and moves him away to arm's length. "Tell me," he pleads. Then he's back to clutching at him desperately. He goes back and forth like this again and again, growing increasingly frustrated with Soobin's inability to respond.

Yeonjun eventually steps in, when it looks like Beomgyu, patience exhausted, is about to take Soobin by his shoulders and shake him until he confesses his woes. Yeonjun employs some dubious therapy technique he has, no doubt, picked up from an Instagram pseudo-psychology reel (being born prior to the year 2000, Yeonjun cannot be trusted to discern reliable sources from unreliable ones on the internet - behaviour you'd similarly expect from someone's doddering grandpa). This undoubtedly suspect method involves him taking Soobin in his lap and squeezing him unnecessarily tight, all the while repeating, "I love you, I love you, I love you" while Soobin attempts to wriggle away for room to draw a shuddering breath.

Eventually, despite Yeonjun's valiant, if a little misguided, efforts to keep him clutched suffocatingly tight, Soobin's breaths begin to even out again and he blinks the last of his tears away to roll miserable lines down his already tear-stained cheeks. When his vision comes back into focus, he's treated to the rather lamentable sight of every one of his four boyfriends' dicks wilting between their legs.

Great. Well done, Choi Soobin. You're officially a snotty, sobbing, boner-killing disaster. That's just great.

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The days that follow drag by painfully. Outside of work, Soobin says next to nothing and avoids the other four as best he can. The boys, distressed and growing increasingly disheartened with their inability to extract a satisfactory explanation from him, hound him all the more feverishly.

Five full days after the *Incident* (Soobin has settled on referring to it in his head as '*The Incident',* mainly because knowing it by it's true name '*The Incident Where Choi Soobin Burst Out Crying In The Middle Of An Orgy And Killed Four Boners Simultaneously'* would make him scream. It's much shorter, anyway), Beomgyu follows him into the bathroom while Soobin's fishing his cock out of his zipper, and makes another futile attempt at interrogation. When his gallant efforts prove to be in vain, Beomgyu starts tearing up and promptly buries his face in Soobin's neck to sniffle into his collarbone and presumably try to not-very-discreetly wipe his snot on Soobin's collar.

Dick in hand and desperately holding back his piss, Soobin debates tearing off a square of toilet paper for Beomgyu to blow his nose into but decides against it, figuring that a Beomgyu who's feeling guilty about ruining his shirt is probably also a Beomgyu who's less likely to fire himself up for a second, more aggressive round of questioning.

Huening Kai crawls into bed with him the next night, in the most bizarre fashion thinkable. He burrows under Soobin's blanket from the foot of the bed and wiggles his way up till his dishevelled head emerges beside Soobin's. At the first brush of Kai's hair against the soles of his feet, Soobin screams, picturing horrifying ghostly scenarios that end with him getting

dragged out of his bed by demons and down into a special kind of hell where he's forced to watch playbacks of his most embarrassing moments for eternity. By the time he realises it's just his really, really weird dongsaeng, he's left speechless, flabbergasted. Kai, on the other hand, looks pretty pleased with himself. His self-satisfied expression fades, though, as he props himself up beside Soobin's head and takes in his appearance, all dark circles and gaunt cheeks.

"Soobinie-hyung," he says sadly, and smushes his nose against Soobin's arm, mouth downturned and eyes scrunched up mournfully. Soobin feels so, so awful.

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After a week of silence, awkward tension, and heavy glances, Yeonjun and Taehyun, the self-pronounced rationalists (a declaration that is unfortunately only true for one of them, zero points for guessing who), decide to take the authoritarian approach and lock Soobin in his room (with a plentiful supply of overly sweet pastries, they're not *monsters*), with stern instructions not to come out until he's ready to talk. He's even given a cute bunny plushie to hold, courtesy of equally cute Huening Kai. In case, he's told, he gets lonely in there by himself.

Soobin tries reminding them that his door, in fact, locks from the inside, and he can therefore leave whenever he so chooses. He gets aggressively shushed for his efforts and pushed into his room with severely delivered instructions to, "Think about it and don't come out until you're ready to communicate".

A spirited quibble, however, commences just outside, during which someone, he's guessing Yeonjun from the muffled sounds of aggrievement he catches, gets called an idiot. At the end of it, Huening Kai is charged with sitting watch outside his door to prevent Soobin from leaving before he fulfils his due obligations.

Soobin, steadfast in his fear that thinking about his situation will elicit unwelcome ruminations about his yet unconfronted shame, decidedly ignores their orders and goes in for a nap to catch up on lost sleep instead. Befitting of his predicament, he decides to give Taehyun's particular brand of breakdown a try and crawls under his bed with Kai's plushie to stew in the dark and hopefully begin rotting away there. Halfway in, long legs still sticking out awkwardly from under the bed frame, he realises he doesn't deserve the stuffed bunny for comfort and chucks it away. Plus, he doesn't want to get it dusty anyway. He *really* needs to start vacuuming under here.

He lasts a whole five minutes under the bed, his exhales sending dust bunnies swirling into the musty air, back beginning to cramp painfully, before he concludes that the space under your bed must only be a suitable hideaway spot if you're a compact little scrunched up ball of 177cm-tall boy, which he is decidedly not. Extricating his uncomfortably numb limbs from the awkward angles they've been forced into, he gets up to flop sideways on his bed instead. Sleep, unfortunately, still stubbornly refuses to come, and Soobin, drowsy, bored, and conscious against his will, has to content himself with blinking listlessly at the ceiling and wondering if anyone's going to remember to bring him water. They even took his phone, those assholes.

More moments pass like this. Soobin rolling around his bed, wrapping and unwrapping himself in his blanket like a burrito to keep himself amused, gradually growing thirsty but unwilling to call for aid. Aid that will, no doubt, be accompanied by glum disappointment at his lack of progress. Then, a quiet scrabbling at the door and a note appears, presumably pushed under for him by an equally bored Kai. Soobin rolls himself off his bed, tumbles onto the ground, and goes to pick it up. “I love you Soobinie-hyung,” the note reads in Hueningie’s lopsided handwriting. There’s also a scrawled arrow that points to a suspiciously damp, heart-shaped spot on the paper. “A kiss for you

Soobin loves him so much. He loves them all so much. Sweet, darling, angel Huening Kai, who puts so much effort into making sure Soobin knows he’s loved. Beomgyu, with his big eyes and bigger heart, who cares enough about him to give him a cuddle right in front of a company urinal without even trying to sneak a glimpse of his dick. Yeonjun, so silly and so kind, who worries about him enough to scroll through hours of absurd internet science to learn ways to best comfort him. Dearest, gentlest Taehyun, who thinks Soobin is so precious that he’ll tuck him safely away with his favourite treats until Taehyun can be sure that Soobin’s worries have been put to rest.

Soobin loves them so, so much.

So much, in fact, that it starts him crying again. He’s being so unfair to them. They deserve the world.

Big, fat tears well up, brimming over his lashes and he throws his sleeve over his face to soak them up. More and more come and Soobin has to bury his face in something soft to stifle the sound of his sniffles. Unfortunately, the soft something in question turns out to be the pitiable bunny plushie he’d dragged halfway through the dust under his bed along with himself and the resulting mix of a sneeze turned wretched sob it elicits is undoubtedly loud enough to be audible to faithful Huening Kai stationed just outside his door.

There’s a few seconds of hopeful silence where he begins to think Kai hasn’t heard, or was too distracted to notice, but then, muffled, frantic noises.

“Hyung! Oh my god, you have to help. Soobin-hyung is crying again!” Kai whisper-shouts, clearly misjudging the soundproofing abilities of Soobin’s bedroom door.

“What!?” Another too-loud whisper shout. Beomgyu probably, judging by the tone and the volume.

Beomgyu tries the doorknob, jiggling it furiously, at which point he gets another reminder, this time non-verbal, that Soobin’s door locks from the inside. Inexplicably, he keeps trying anyway, twisting it this way and that, banging at the door.

“Oh my god, Soobin-hyung, are you okay?”

Soobin stays as silent as he can, holding his breath and hoping Beomgyu will take the hint and leave.

“Soobin-hung? What’s going on? Are you okay? Please open the door.”

“Please, hyung,” adds Huening Kai in a sweet, lisping murmur. He sounds so worried.

“No, I’m okay, it’s fine. Leave me alone please, guys,” Soobin answers, when it starts to sound like Beomgyu is getting dangerously close to punching through the door. He’s desperately swallowing to make his voice sound normal, holding back the urge to sniffle.

“Yah, it’s not okay, you idiot. You’re clearly crying. C’mon let me in so I can help.”

Soobin doesn’t answer, mostly because he might start wailing anew if he did.

“Soobin-hyung?”

“Go away,” Soobin says tearfully, all too aware of how petulant he must sound.

There’s a sudden silence after that. Beomgyu stops banging on the door and lets the unfortunate doorknob go. Listening intently, Soobin hears a pair of footsteps shuffle away. The second pair doesn’t move.

No one speaks. Whoever’s on the other side sinks to the floor and leans against his door. Soobin sees their back block out the sliver of light between the door and the ground and wonders if they’ve given up on trying to get to him and gone back to keeping guard.

“Hey, Choi Soobin.”

Beomgyu’s voice comes abruptly out of the emptiness. He has that quiet timbre he tends to fall into when it’s just them both, lying in the dark, hands linked, sharing a pair of earphones and taking turns to choose the song. It’s just them both now, Soobin realises. Kai must have left to give them a moment alone together.

“You know-,” Beomgyu starts unevenly, then trails off before trying his words again.

“You know, when I was sick that night? And you took care of me, and stayed with me until I fell asleep? I said I didn’t remember it when you asked me the next day but I do. I remember.”

Soobin’s heart is in his throat. He pads softly over to the door to sink down onto the ground in front of it too, back against the wood, to mirror Beomgyu on the other side.

Beomgyu keeps talking.

“That night I was so sick and it was so late and suddenly all my problems felt like the end of the world,” he says.

“But then you were there, and when you told me it was going to be okay I knew it would be. Because you were there. And I trust you.”

It’s like there’s no one in the world but him and Beomgyu, on opposite sides of the same door. Soobin almost thinks he can feel Beomgyu’s heart beating through the wood.

“When you asked me the next day if I remembered and I said no, I don’t know why I said that,“ Beomgyu swallows and continues.

“Because I looked at you that day and realised how safe you make me feel. And I knew then that as long as you stay by my side, there’ll always be someone who loves me enough to take care of me, and feed me my medicine when I’m sick, and wipe me down and watch over me until I fall asleep. There’ll always be someone to make it be okay”

Beomgyu must be crying now. Soobin can see him so clearly in his mind, delicate, shining tears dripping into his lap. Beomgyu is so dear to him, Soobin thinks. He knows him so well.

“I looked at you and knew I loved you so much and I didn’t know why I’d be embarrassed to admit it.”

“*I knew you loved me even if you didn’t say it that day,*” Soobin thinks, his own tears rolling blotchy tracks down his face. “*I always know you love me.*”

“I thought about telling you the truth so you’d know I was so grateful. I even figured maybe you already knew.”

“*Of course I knew,*” Soobin thinks, laughing quietly through his tears. “*You’re an awful liar.”*

“But that day you told me to take it easy during practice just in case I was still weak and you made me go to bed early because you said I was still recovering, and I realised it didn’t really matter. Because even if I was embarrassed, or even if you thought I was lying, or just pathetic, I knew you’d love me the same anyway. So it didn’t matter, right?”

Soobin’s heart is five times too big for his chest and he can’t take it anymore, not being able to touch Beomgyu.

Beomgyu looks up at him as the door clicks open, and ordinarily Soobin would have made fun of him, even just a little bit, for the way he loses his balance and topples backwards slightly in surprise, but this time there just this - him and Beomgyu, in each others’ arms, fingers clutching at each others’ backs over their hearts, tears mingling together.

“It didn’t matter,” Soobin says, sobbing against Beomgyu’s cheek.

“Of course I loved you anyway. I love you always.”

-

When Soobin and Beomgyu have wiped each others’ tears, and blown each other’s noses, and kissed each other all over their faces, Soobin guiltily retreats back to his room with a glass of water.

“You said I wasn’t allowed to come out of my room until I was ready to tell you what was wrong,” he says awkwardly, shifting from one foot to another. “I still don’t know how to say it.”

The others look endeared.

“But,” he adds, mumbling into his chest as he goes over to sit on his bed, leaving the door wide open, “if someone could help me figure out how to talk about it, um well, that would be nice.”

Another bickering session ensues among the other four, presumably about who the best-suited person for the job is. Huening Kai seems to be the popular choice, though there’s some indignant pushback from Yeonjun. Beomgyu is clearly trying to argue his own piece but keeps having to stop and blow his nose, and gets mercilessly cut off by the rest every time he does. Taehyun is just patient, to heights Soobin will never be able to comprehend.

Ultimately, Yeonjun is sent in to talk to him. Soobin, usually the one who gets the deciding vote on things like this, inwardly questions their decision as he warily eyes Yeonjun kicking his door shut behind him. Yeonjun is bafflingly silly at the best of times and has very little concept of shame. Even now, Yeonjun is doing some weird tiptoe cartoon walk into the room with his head stuck out, embellished with a pout and crossed eyes for absolutely no reason imaginable.

From outside the open door, Taehyun sighs and tells him to “Please try to be serious, hyung.”

As it’s simply not the done thing to disobey Taehyun, Yeonjun, displaying at least a modicum of solemnity, perches on the bed next to him. They sit side-by-side like that, knees pulled to their chests for a few moments, while Yeonjun waits patiently for him to speak.

“I’ve just been thinking-,” Soobin finally manages to get out, hesitantly.

Yeonjun raises an amused eyebrow when he doesn’t continue.

“Well, that’s a relief at least,” he says, conversationally, “Glad to know you do.”

He laughs when Soobin scrunches up his nose and punches him in the shoulder as retribution.

“Go on, then,” he continues, when Soobin doesn’t. “What have you been thinking about, bunny of mine?”

Soobin flushes. Bright enough that Yeonjun probably sees it.

“Is it something you think is weird?” Yeonjun asks. “And that’s why you haven’t been able to talk about it?”

Soobin can only nod, cheeks afire.

Yeonjun hums thoughtfully. He doesn't press Soobin to elaborate, just takes one of his hands in his and plays with his fingers, squeezing each fingertip gently in turn. At the fifth finger, he links his pinky with Soobin’s and lets their hands fall together into the space between them.

“Soobinie,” Yeonjun begins, turning to look at him. “Do you think I’m weird?”

“Yes,” Soobin replies instantly, more out of force of habit than anything else. A mental image of a nude Yeonjun making him move his arms up and down stiffly to play act as a Lego

figure briefly flashes in his mind. Yeonjun laughs, eyes crinkling.

“I know you do,” he says, cheerfully. “And I don’t worry about it at all. Do you know why?”

Soobin shrugs.

“Because of this,” Yeonjuns says simply, holding up their joined pinkies.

Soobin’s bewildered expression must prompt him to continue.

“Because as long as there’s you, and as long as there’s me, and we get to hold pinkies in bed, that’s good enough for me. No matter what horrible colours we’re made to dye our hair, or what stupid mistakes we make on stage, or what embarrassing things we say to each other in bed, as long as there’s a Yeonjunnie and a Soobinie and a Beomie and a Taehyunie and a Huening Kai Kamal who all love each other, it’s really okay, isn’t it?”

Soobin looks properly at Yeonjun. At his pretty, smile-crinkled eyes, his lovely mouth in a gentle smile, the dainty mole below the corner of his eye. He’s breathtaking.

Yeonjun boops him on the nose with his free hand.

“All that matters is that I know I’m loved by you no matter what. And by Beomgyu, and Taehyun, and Kai. And Soobinie, baby, you are too. You’re so, so loved. And nothing weird you say or do or think could ever change that. Okay?”

“Okay,” is all Soobin can choke out, arms already reaching out for Yeonjun. Then, he’s wrapped securely in Yeonjun’s embrace.

“I’ve just been thinking things about-, about sex,” he manages, words muffled from where his face is buried in Yeonjun’s shirt to hide his flaming cheeks.

“Mhm,” Yeonjun supplies, rubbing his back encouragingly. Definitely some ‘active listening’ thing he’s picked up from Tiktok.

“It’s embarrassing,” Soobin mumbles, “And I don’t really know how to talk about it because I don’t even know for sure what it is.”

“Is that the reason for all the tears the other day, then, bunny boy?” Yeonjun asks, frowning sympathetically down at him.

“I guess,” Soobin says, snuffling at Yeonjun’s pecs. They’re awfully comforting. “Maybe. I think because I wanted you all to understand so badly but I didn’t know how to make you understand because I can’t even make myself understand.”

Yeonjun snickers.

“I’m sorry,” he chuckles, placatingly, when Soobin lifts his head from between Yeonjun’s tits to glare at him, affronted.

“It’s just that, your boyfriend is Kang Taehyun. The relationship scholar. He can probably help you understand anything. Or explain anything. Especially about sex. He has books on it and stuff. Didn’t you try just asking him?”

“Was embarrassed,” Soobin pouts, poking at Yeonjun’s abs from where he’s hunched himself down to snuggle against Yeonjun’s tummy. “I don’t know how to ask these things.”

“Want me to go ask him for you then?” Yeonjun offers, petting at Soobin’s head.

“Yes, please,” Soobin says, blinking as cutely as he can up at Yeonjun to show he’s grateful. Yeonjun is unfailingly susceptible to things like this.

“Okay, bunny,” Yeonjun replies, utterly charmed, and pinches Soobin’s cheeks.

“In a bit, okay? I want to hold my Soobinie a little while longer. I haven’t had enough time with my bunniest boy lately.”

“Okay,” Soobin acquiesces, wiggling his toes happily.

Yeonjun coos at him, endeared. Then, he suddenly clutches tight at Soobin, struck with a marvellous idea.

“Hey, we should try hugging therapy again! It’s neat isn’t it?”

“Oh, right, yeah,” Soobin says, feebly. Yeonjun doesn’t seem to notice his overwhelming lack of zeal.

“Guess where I learned it from!” Yeonjun enthuses, clearly highly pleased with himself.

“Um, a book?” Soobin asks, just to be polite.

“Nope! I saw it on Instagram!” Yeonjun announces, exuberant.

“Oh, wow,” Soobin manages weakly.

“Well,” he continues, desperately backing up when it looks like Yeonjun’s about to choke him and start at the unhinged *‘I love you, I love you*’ mantra again. “Maybe we can do that another time. Can I have just a hug for now?”

Yeonjun, slightly crestfallen but unwilling to deny Soobin anything, least of all a cuddle, responds with, “Sure, bunny,” and pulls him back in, pressing a kiss to the top of his head as he does so. He promptly sneezes, looking baffled.

“Why’s your hair so dusty?” He asks, confused.

Soobin giggles, so, so fond, and wriggles back in against Yeonjun’s chest, tracing mindless shapes against his smooth skin.

They stay like this for a while, comfy and content, wrapped up in each other.

“Thanks, hyung,” Soobin says, softly.

And then, “Hyung, will you please stop groping my ass right now?”

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In true scholarly fashion, Taehyun arrives with a pair of glasses perched on his nose and a neat stack of folders in one arm. The result is damningly sexy. Even sexier is the way he’s all business, pulling out a chair to sit at Soobin’s desk, fanning out his folders, and steepling his long, slender fingers against the surface.

Soobin swallows, hard.

Apparently Taehyun is above sexy accountant roleplay when there’s more pressing matters to be attended to, though, and he levels Soobin with a disapproving frown when he sees Soobin ogling. He pulls out another chair beside his own and gestures for Soobin to sit, businesslike.

“Focus,” he tuts reprimandingly, holding out a folder for Soobin. “We have things we need to do first.”

Suitably chastised, Soobin adjusts his shorts and meekly takes the proffered folder. At least it isn’t actual taxes. What it actually turns out to be is an evidently very comprehensive list of bedroom kinks and fetishes, each item on which he has to indicate how much he would like to try on a scale of 1-5.

Soobin’s face burns so bright he fears it might never return to its original shade again.

“What the hell is this?” he squeaks. He really should have left that glass of water for Taehyun to douse him with in the event that he actually does spontaneously burst into flame.

Taehyun is undeterred.

“These,” he continues, gesturing to the rest of the laid-out folders, “are some sources I thought would be helpful for you to read - about feelings of shame and how to communicate them,”

“But, we can get to that later,” he adds, matter-of-factly, before Soobin even has a chance to react to that information. “When you’re done with filling out that list.”

He swivels round in his chair to look at Soobin and hands him a pen, raises an eyebrow expectantly. Screw the accountant scenario, actually. Soobin feels like a defendant in front of his prosecutor.

Resolutely willing his cheeks to cool, Soobin looks down at the questions in front of him. He’s barely through the first item when he realises he’s so anxious that his vision is blurring. The letters on the page swim before his eyes, but not before he catches sight of the words ‘chastity cage’ and has to bury his face in his hoodie sleeves to keep from screaming in mortification. This, of course, alarms Taehyun, who hurriedly scoots his chair over to check on him.

By the way, why did Taehyun get to sit in the fancy, ergonomic chair while Soobin hunches over the table in the crappy stool? Soobin's way taller than him, and thus, more susceptible to bad back posture. Plus, it's his chair anyway.

"Soobin-hyung? What's wrong? Is it too much?" Taehyun asks, scooching as close as he physically can to Soobin so their thighs press together and stretching an arm around him.

Soobin can only nod wordlessly into his arms, unwilling to lift his head to meet Taehyun's gaze.

"I''m sorry, hyung. I shouldn't have been so direct with all this. I thought you were just blushing because I was wearing my glasses again," Taehyun says, apologetically, brushing Soobin's hair back to catch a glimpse of his face, dimpled cheeks smushed against the cuffs of his hoodie.

"Well, it was that too," Soobin says, woefully. He turns his head to meet Taehyun's gaze, resting sideways against his folded arms. "But also because it's embarrassing."

Taehyun laughs and tucks a lock of Soobin's overgrown fringe behind his ear, soft.

"Precious Soobin-hyung," he says affectionately.

"Would I help if I read the questions out loud to you and you just answered?" he offers, "I promise there's nothing to be ashamed of no matter what you say."

"Maybe," Soobin answers, nuzzling his face into Taehyun's warm palm. "I'm not worried about you knowing things about me. I want you to know. It's just hard to say. Or read. Or think."

"Okay, hyung," Taehyun nods understandingly. "Why don't you go sit on the bed then, and I'll read the questions to you. That way you'll just have to tell me a number and you won't even have to look at me when you do."

He gives Soobin's bum an encouraging pat and eyes him fondly as Soobin clambers onto his bed and makes himself comfortable, wrapping a blanket around himself and settling Kai's yet unreturned plushie in his lap, back against the wall.

He takes a deep inhale and steels his nerves. "Okay," Soobin breathes, decidedly. "I'm ready."

"Great," Taehyun says, picking up the list and pushing up his glasses to read from it. He really is unfairly hot in glasses. Soobin vows to start hiding his contacts from him.

Taehyun reads out each of the questions in turn and waits with commendable patience for Soobin to choke out an answer to each one. It's bearable to do this way, but still difficult, and Soobin has to heartlessly squeeze Hueningie's plushie into the most unflattering shapes that it will likely never fully recover from, just to diffuse some of the shame that would otherwise liquefy his brain.

There are many things his life is, that he'd never in his wildest dreams imagined it to be, and of the opportunities that have befallen him, most have been wonderful. Having to tell an unreasonably sexy Kang Taehyun that, on a scale of 1 to 5, he is a 3 in terms of willingness to try out chastity cages, and having to watch the aforementioned sexy man hum thoughtfully to himself and mutter, "Ok, so neutral," in acknowledgement, is definitely not one of them. This is hell.

They go on like this for a while, Taehyun reading out each item to him in a scrupulously professional tone that Soobin unfortunately cannot help but find exceptionally attractive on him, and Soobin muttering a response in a small, embarrassed voice, that Taehyun will then note down methodically.

It's okay. Soobin is just beginning to think he might be able to get through this and live but then Taehyun, sliding a finger across the page to keep track of his words, says, "You like to feel owned, and have your partner dictate your sexual decisions for you." and '*Oh.*"

The *thing* that's been buzzing discomfitingly in the back of his head for the past few weeks expands instantaneously and fills him up, taking up all the space inside him until there's a tingling in his fingers and a roaring in his ears. He can't speak.

Taehyun looks questioningly over at him when a whole minute goes by and Soobin hasn't answered. What he sees must answer his query, anyway, because understanding dawns abruptly over his face. Taehyun laughs, then scoffs.

"I see," he says, suddenly patronising. He sets his glasses on the desk and gets up to stride towards the bed, towering over Soobin to cup his cheek with one hand. "Soobinie."

A more coherent Soobin would think to chastise him for the blatant lack of respect, but Soobin's mind is haywire. Taehyun is still speaking, anyway.

"Soobinie," he says again, and tuts when Soobin opens his mouth blankly in an effort to respond, shushing him condescendingly. Then, Taehyun's gripping Soobin's jaw painfully tight, yanking his head up to make Soobin meet his eyes. They're glinting, clearly delighted. "Who knew my little Soobinie was such a filthy slut."

"Is that what it is, huh?" he taunts, pressing fingers harder to dig into Soobin's cheeks. "You want to be my little toy? Want to be told what to do because this pretty little head's too stupid to think?"

Soobin can only gasp, pressing his chin into Taehyun's hand, because he hasn't been given permission to speak. He whines, feebly, tears already pooling again under his blown-wide pupils.

"Hyung," Taehyun says, and his tone is suddenly serious, no longer teasing. Soobin frowns without meaning to as he does, a prodding discomfort inside him that he can't place drowning out the haze of '*Taehyun, Taehyun, Taehyun*' in his head. Taehyun laughs good-naturedly, and rubs a thumb over Soobin's cheekbone.

"Mine," he corrects, obligingly, "My pretty hyung. Better?"

Better. The fuzziness returns in one overwhelming rush, drowning Soobin in its soft, heavy haze.

“My baby,” Taehyun says, gently, and lets go of Soobin's face. Soobin feels little crescent-shaped indents throb in his cheeks, where Taehyun's nails have left their mark.

“Is that all I had to do to figure out what you wanted, huh? Tell you that you’re mine? Tell you that I fucking own you?”

He says this all so casually, as if it’s common knowledge, as if it’s always been true and always will be. Soobin’s sinking deeper and deeper, into a pleasant syrupy space, where nothing matters but the fact that he’s Taehyun’s, all his.

“My sweet baby hyung,” Taehyun murmurs. He pets through Soobin’s hair as he speaks, smooths over his eyelids, thumbs open his mouth and presses down on his tongue. “Look at you. So precious.”

“Tell you what,” he says conspiratorially, and he’s pushing Soobin backwards now, clambering over him with a knee settled on either side of Soobin’s waist. He pins Soobin’s wrists over his head with one hand and leans over him, authoritative. “I’m going to touch you and while I do, I’m going to say all the dirty things I want to say to you and you’re going to be very, very good, and tell me when I say something you like, okay?”

Soobin’s head spins, desperate yet unable to voice the chorus of, “*Yes, yes, please,*” and, “*Okay, okay,*” that’s taking the place of all cognizant thought in his mind. Taehyun coos meanly at his pretty, dazed expression, his lax mouth despairingly trying to form words.

“My stupid little baby,” Taehyun mocks. “Aren’t you lucky you’re mine? Who else is going to take care of such a dumb whore, huh?”

“*You like to feel degraded by your partner,”* Taehyun had read, just ten minutes ago. Soobin had answered four.

Taehyun’s being so *mean*. And it’s so *good.*

Soobin feels tears spill down his cheeks and a pathetic whimper gasps its way out of him, but, still, he’s nodding frantically so that Taehyun knows that, “*Yes, it's okay. Yes, I understand. Yes, I’m so lucky to be yours.”*

“My good boy,” Taehyun says, and his voice has a hint of pride now. Soobin belatedly realises that Taehyun had momentarily been worried he’d misstepped. He whines, eager, and pushes his hips clumsily against Taehyun’s own, that are straddling him, to let him know that he wants it, that he likes it, that he needs more.

Taehyun’s answering smirk is pleased.

“Impatient,” he tuts, wrapping a hand over Soobin’s hip to keep him pinned down to the mattress. “I need to know that you can tell me to stop if you need to, my baby. How do you tell me you want me to stop?”

Soobin knows this. “Red,” he rushes out, desperate for approval. “I say red.”

Taehyun grins. “That’s my boy,” he says, warm, and Soobin’s gone.

Taehyun lifts his hips off Soobin’s quickly, to pull his shorts down. Then his hand is on Soobin’s cock, thumbing through the precum that's already steadily dripping from the tip, caressing a line down its length, feather-light, with just one finger..

“Such a pretty cock,” he coos. He holds it by its base so the length of it stands stiffly tall. “Who does this pretty cock belong to Soobinie? Who’s the only one allowed to touch it?”

Soobin is in heaven. “You,” he gasps, thrilled and beyond overwhelmed. “It’s yours.”

“That’s right,” Taehyun answers, cocky. “You’re all mine. So this,” he emphasises, with a tug at Soobin’s weeping cock, “This belongs to me too.”

“Now,” he says, going back to holding Soobin’s cock tight with an unmoving grip. It drives Soobin insane but he knows better than to try to move. It’s Taehyun’s to do with as he pleases.

“Remember what I said,” Taehyun continues. “I’m going to touch you, and I’m going to say things to you, and you need to tell me what you like.”

Soobin barely has to nod before Taehyun’s learning over him again, gaze hot and heavy as he begins pumping Soobin’s dick in earnest. Then, Taehyun’s lips brushing against his ear, warm puffs of breath that ignite him, as Taehyun, unsurprisingly skilled at this, unleashes a litany of dirty talk that sends Soobin hurtling straight for the edge of his orgasm in seconds..

Between breathy moans and whimpers Soobin tells him what feels right.

"This is what I wanted," he tells him. "That makes me feel good. I like when you say that."

"This," breathless and electrified. "This, and this, and this."

Taehyun picks up quickly and soon Soobin abandons his efforts at feedback. It all just blends into blissful, heavenly ecstasy that he gets lost in.

"My baby," Taehyun says huskily, mouth pressed against the shell of Soobin's ear, his hard cock, still-clothed, pressing against Soobin’s hip, his skilled, dexterous hands working him into a frenzy, pleasure so pure it paints Soobin’s vision in stars.

"My pretty baby, my precious Soobinie, my love."

"Mine, mine, mine."

"Yours," Soobin chokes out, raptured. He arches into Taehyun and cums with a muted cry.

-

In a happy, relaxed post-orgasm haze, Soobin watches Taehyun with heavy-lidded eyes as Taehyun, ever responsible and ever caring, cleans him tenderly with a warm, damp cloth, dresses him in a soft, fuzzy pajama set, tucks him into bed, carefully smoothing down the covers around him, then sits next to him, looking down at him adoringly and stroking through his hair.

"*This is so nice,*" Soobin thinks, and he doesn't even mind when Taehyun gets out the dreaded folder again

They complete the rest of the questions like that, Taehyun reading them out to him in a gentle murmur, petting softly at his head, Soobin sleepily mumbling answers that he barely has to think about, nuzzling into Taehyun's touch. It's somehow considerably easier, now, fucked-out, satisfied, and serenely content, to say the things he likes and how much he likes them, to Taehyun. Taehyun, who takes such good care of him. Who loves him so much. Who calls him *his.*

Eventually, the questions must reach an end, because Taehyun closes the folder, presses a loving kiss to his forehead, and slips out of bed. He pulls the covers higher around Soobin, and pats them down, checking to make sure he's comfortable.

"Sleep now, okay hyung?" He whispers softly. "I'll go talk to the others for a bit, get them up to speed with all this. You rest, okay? I love you so much."

"I love you too," Soobin mumbles dozily. "So, so much, Taehyunie." Then, he's asleep.

-

The next day, under the proud and watchful eyes of the members, a rejuvenated Soobin participates in some kind of bizarre polyamorous sex award ceremony, crowded into their little kitchen.

In some weird, made-up rite of passage, he's handed an especially adorable bunny sticker with both hands by Huening Kai, and, in front of the audience of four watching with bated breath, he places it on their shared sex calendar while they all erupt into applause.

Yeonjun's humming a blissful and, frankly, not very good rendition of '*Pomp and Circumstance*', and Beomgyu teasingly tells him, "Congratulations on being in an adult relationship". He gets promptly put into a headlock for his efforts while he yells in outrage.

"*So, so weird,*" Soobin thinks. *"Why are they like this?*" But they're proud of him and everyone's smiling, and it turns him warm and tingly inside, despite himself.

Soobin's added his sticker to mark Friday evening, where the others have already added their stickers, an overlapping mess that bulges off the page.

"Friday," Soobin thinks, a nervous excitement bubbling in his tummy. *"Friday."*

-

Friday comes, and everyone's keyed up, thrumming with anticipation. The heady excitement sits with them all day, manifesting in hidden, lingering touches, stolen kisses in dark corners of company hallways, and heavy, wanting glances through the mirror throughout dance practice. Soobin's giddy with it, impatient with the knowledge that he's *finally* going to get what he's been desperate for, and it's going to be so much better than he could have ever imagined. The others are similarly affected, the suspense of what's to come and how *good* it's going to be driving them simultaneously insane.

When practice ends, it's a comically hasty charge to exit the building. They frantically pack their things, haphazardly shoving things into bags that only zip up halfway, and pile into a car heading home, stumbling over each other in their rush to get in. In the car, Kai leans over Soobin to buckle him in, and, as he does, slides a large hand over his knee and up his thigh, lifting it and settling back into his seat with a smug grin before he reaches his mark. It leaves Soobin dizzy with want.

Once home, they rush in through the doorway and, being, after all, just men, abandon their bags, strewn carelessly through the hallway, where they'll no doubt stay until an exasperated Taehyun trips over them for the fifth time that weekend and puts them all away himself. They rush through the dorm, their thundering footsteps reminiscent of the cacophony of a herd of startled buffalo, stripping off clothes and flinging them away as they go, crowding into the shower together in an eager effort to save time.

Taehyun runs the shower proceedings with military-like rigour, lining them all up to get their hair shampooed and rinsed in turn. He even switches products for every member so everyone ends up smelling different, each with whatever scent Taehyun deems most appropriate for them, the darling he is. Soobin has a towering strawberry-scented lather that wobbles on top of his head, which he suspects Taehyun only picked for him because the bottle was pink.

Shampooed and ever obedient, Soobin dutifully steps up to the spray of water from the shower head when Taehyun beckons him forward for his turn to have his hair rinsed. He's halfway through his wash when hushed whispering begins at the back of the queue, sounds that Soobin, ears straining, can't quite make out.

Then, someone's hand is on his chest, brazen, and pushing him lightly backwards. Eyes squeezed shut against the deluge of strawberry shampoo streaming down his face, Soobin stumbles back, surprised. He tries squinting one eye open to identify the culprit, but the painful stinging he gets in the offending eye as soon as he does makes him slam it quickly shut again. The person who pushed him, hand still resting against his sternum, cackles. Definitely Beomgyu, then. No one else would have a laugh that maniacal nor the audacity.

The hand he's assuming is Beomgyu's gives him another shove backwards, and this time, stumbling blindly backwards, he collides with someone's broad, naked chest. The owner of this extraordinarily well-built chest coos and slides a hand around to rub at Soobin's wet tummy.

"Soobinie-hyung," Huening Kai chirps beside his ear, pleased. "So soft, so cute," he praises, hands still patting delighted circles around Soobin's navel.

“Kai, hold his hands,” Beomgyu says, a gleeful lilt to his voice, and then Soobin’s wrists are behind his back, hands restrained securely in just one of Kai’s own. Soobin realises too late that Beomgyu’s employed Hueningie to be his muscle. Which, sure, might be a very little bit sexy, but, primarily, is exceptionally audacious.

“Kai,” Taehyun says wearily, his carefully regimented group shower routine in shambles, “You don’t have to do *everything* Beomgyu-hyung tells you to.”

“I know that,” Huening says, indignant. “He promised he’d let me go next if I helped him.”

Taehyun sighs, taking pity on poor Soobin blearily blinking though shampoo suds, and steps towards them to gently clean the foam out of Soobin’s eyes with damp hands.

Soobin, newly blessed with the recovered gift of sight, flutters his eyes urgently open in time to catch Beomgyu getting on his knees in front of him, eyeing his wet dick with a hungry smirk. Soobin attempts to squirm away, scandalised by Beomgyu’s boldness, but is held firm in Kai’s grip, to face the beast. Said beast goes to take Soobin’s dick in his mouth but is, thankfully, abruptly yanked back with a handful of his hair by a disapproving Yeonjun.

“Impatient little brat,” Yeonjun scolds, wrenching Beomgyu’s head backwards so he has to lean back on his heels to look up at him. “Who gave you permission to start?”

Beomgyu whines sulkily, his dreams of a shower facefucking quickly crumbling away in Yeonjun’s unyielding grip on his hair.

“He’s mine, isn't he? I get to do what I want with him.”

Admittedly, Soobin’s cock gives a little jerk at that, which Kai, still holding him immobile, notices, rubbing a soothing rhythm slowly down below his navel.

“He’s ours,” Yeonjun corrects sternly. “Which means,” he emphasises with a sharp tug on Beomgyu’s hair, “that we all share.”

“It’s not fair,” Beomgyu replies sullenly. “Taehyun already got a turn. I’m older than him.”

Yeonjun scoffs and squats down to match Beomgyu at eye-level.

“Let’s not forget, Beomie, that even if Soobin, at least in part, belongs to you, you still belong to *me*. You all do. So I call the shots. You don’t get to decide shit about what’s fair.”

“And you, Hueningie,” he adds, looking up at a guilty-faced Huening Kai, who ducks to hide behind Soobin’s head. “I decide who goes next, not Beomgyu. Understand?”

Penitent, Kai nods.

“Well,” Yeonjun says, brightly, releasing Beomgyu’s hair, “Now that that’s all straightened out, I *am* curious to watch how well you can suck Soobinie’s cock.”

Soobin gapes at him.

Taehyun does too. “I haven’t even done conditioner,” he says, dismayed.

“Sorry baby,” Yeonjun says, pulling Taehyun into his side and pressing a consoling kiss to his temple. “I’ll make it up to you. Besides, you did get your turn first.”

Turning off the shower spray, Taehyun lets Yeonjun pull him in with an appeased sigh, back to his chest, and wrap his arms around him. Yeonjun takes hold of his dick, his damp hand deftly working Taehyun to hardness, nosing at his ear.

“Be good and watch, okay kitty?” Yeonjun murmurs in Taehyun’s ear, pressing sinful, heavy kisses below his lobe and down the pretty, muscular lines of his neck.

Taehyun moans, nodding his assent against Yeonjun’s lips.

“Soobinie,” Yeonjun calls, making Soobin turn to look at him. “You know how to tell us to stop if you need to, right?”

Soobin nods jerkily, eyes wide.

“Good boy,” Yeonjun praises, smiling. It sends butterflies flitting through Soobin’s tummy.

“Go on then, Beomie,” Yeonjun adds, nodding down at an expectant Beomgyu, “You can have at him.”

Beomgyu, instantly brightening, goes to stick out his tongue teasingly at Taehyun, catches Yeonjun’s warning expression, thinks better of it, and turns his attention back to Soobin’s dick, still dripping wet.

“Soobin-ah,” he crows, wrapping a hand around Soobin’s cock, “This is all mine isn’t it?”

Soobin stutters, unanswering, and glances over at an intently watching Yeonjun for help, yelping when Beomgyu pinches at the soft insides of his thigh admonishingly..

“Beomgyu,” Yeonjun warns, voice low. Beomgyu ignores him.

“I think it is all mine,” Beomgyu continues blithely, “I think you’re just a dirty whore with a needy little cock who’s desperate for his owner to make him feel good.”

Soobin can’t help himself, he whimpers. His cock, telling, is rapidly hardening in Beomgyu’s grip. Pressed against the curve of his ass, he can feel Kai’s cock doing the same.

Beomgyu smirks, satisfied.

“That’s what I thought,” he says smugly. Then, his mouth is on Soobin, taking all of him at once, throat swallowing deep around his length.

Soobin whines loudly, voice cracking at the height of the thin, reedy sound that comes out, and lets his head fall back against Kai’s shoulder. His fingers scrabble desperately at the air for something to hold on to, hands still caught tight in Hueningie’s grip. Kai releases his

wrists to lace his fingers through Soobin's, both of Soobin's hands threaded through one of his.

Soobin is barely able to register the brush of Kai's cock, rutting lightly against his ass, utterly overwhelmed with just Beomgyu's ministrations. A faithful student of the '*Yeonjun School of Talented Oral and Good Tongue Technique*', Beomgyu is quickly, so quickly it's frankly embarrassing, bringing Soobin to orgasm. Soobin feels himself slipping, blissfully lost between the slick, tight warmth of Beomgyu's throat and the heat of Kai behind him, one hand pulling Soobin's asscheek open to rut his warm cock into the cleft of his ass.

"M'close," Soobin gasps out, after barely a minute of Beomgyu deepthroating him. His eyes are squeezed shut, head lolling back against Kai, who's hungrily sucking marks into his neck and shoulders. "M'close, m'close," he babbles, hips writhing to meet Beomgyu's mouth, to jerk himself deeper, harder against Beomgyu's curling tongue.

Soobin's ready to cum, right on the precipice of an earth-shattering orgasm, when, suddenly, Beomgyu's pulling away, letting Soobin's cock slip wetly out of his mouth to bounce up and slap against Soobin's stomach, soaked. The numb, jarring blankness where Soobin expected an orgasm makes him sob, ragged and desperate, jerking his hips in a fruitless effort to capture Beomgyu's lips again, held back by an unmoving Kai, mouthing against his ear.

Beomgyu grins, lips slick with spit, and leans back to look up at him.

"Soobin-ah," he says, condescending and so, so mean. "You didn't think I'd let you have it that easily, did you?"

Soobin's crying in earnest now, babbling and begging pitiably, looking pleadingly to Yeonjun for help. Yeonjun just shrugs, sympathetic, hands still full of a moaning, writhing Taehyun.

Beomgyu eventually shuffles forward again, and licks teasingly at the head of Soobin's weeping cock, smirking against the tip. When Soobin's getting close to hysterical, he takes his cock back in his mouth, deepthroating him again in one go, sucking back and forth greedily. This time, Soobin doesn't even have to tell him when he's close. Beomgyu pulls off of his own accord when Soobin's squirming hips begin to falter, betraying his oncoming orgasm, leaving Soobin desperate and dissatisfied yet again.

Beomgyu strokes a teasing fingertip down Soobin's twitching length and coos.

"You do know I'm not going to let you cum right?" he says, taunting.

Soobin wails.

It goes on like this. Beomgyu edging him ruthlessly, another time, then another. The fifth time he pulls off, Soobin, utterly defeated and sobbing despairingly, slumps boneless and exhausted against Kai, who, thankfully, reacts quickly enough to catch him in his arms, holding him up.

Beomgyu's hand finds Soobin's hip, stroking the skin over his hip bone, soothing.

“I know, I know,” he says comfortingly. “Good boy, Soobinie. You did so good, baby. I’m so proud of you.”

Through a blurry sheen of tears, Soobin sees Beomgyu rise and back-up to let Yeonjun, releasing a panting Taehyun, step towards him and brush tears away from his cheeks with gentle reassurances. Then, Yeonjun’s urging him to his knees, pressing him down gently until Soobin’s knees hit the shower tiles, and he’s sniffling up expectantly at Yeonjun.

Yeonjun pulls Taehyun back against him, hand working rapidly over Taehyun’s dick again, tip aimed at Soobin’s mouth.

“Be good for me and swallow Taehyunie’s cum, okay Soobinie?” Yeonjun coaxes. “And then I’ll take care of you myself, my pretty baby.”

Soobin nods, drawing in a shuddering breath, desperate to keep being good, to keep making them proud.

“Open up now, baby,” Yeonjun warns, and then Taehyun groans and there's the warm saltiness of his cum filling up Soobin’s mouth, ropes of thick ejaculate painting his tongue white. He waits patiently, tongue out, until Taehyun’s finished, then closes his mouth and swallows obediently. It pulls another moan out of Taehyun.

“My perfect, pretty boys,” Yeonjun praises, then pulls Soobin’s head forward, guiding Taehyun’s cock to his lips, for Soobin to lick away the last traces of his climax.

“Good boy, Soobin,” he says, satisfied, when Soobin’s done and blinking up at him awaiting judgement. “Now, say thank you to Taehyunie for giving you his cum.”

Soobin sniffles and clears his throat. “Thank you, Taehyunie,” he says plaintively, and sighs happily when Taehyun leans down to kiss him in response.

They let Taehyun finish rinsing them off after that, taking hurried turns to stand under the jets of water, Soobin’s dick still an angry, stiff red. Taehyun towels him off gently, taking care to avoid touching his weeping, denied cock as he does so. When they’re all clean and dry again, Yeonjun gives Hueningie the honour of carrying a still wobbly Soobin out of the shower and into the bedroom.

Hueningie has barely laid Soobin out on the bed when Beomgyu’s there, hovering over him eagerly. Soobin and his poor, tortured cock blanch at the sight of him and Yeonjun grabs Beomgyu by his nape and yanks him away. Beomgyu thrashes wildly in protest and tries to nip at Yeonjun’s hand, snapping his teeth and practically growling at him.

“Absolutely not,” Yeonjun says sharply. “You’ve had more than your share of fun with poor Soobinie. I’ve had enough of letting you play with my toy.”

Soobin bites down on his lip to muffle a needy whine.

“Now, kitty,” Yeonjun says sweetly, turning his attention to Taehyun. “You can let Beomgyu have your hole or your mouth. Which do you think he deserves?”

Taehyun pretends to think about it. “He doesn’t get to fuck me,” he decides, shaking his head resolutely.

Beside him, Beomgyu makes a despairing noise of complaint.

“But,” Taehyun adds, with a faux-thoughtful hum. “I do want to taste him.”

“Okay, pretty thing,” Yeonjun says agreeably. He uses the hand he has on Beomgyu to pull him onto his back so Taehyun can crawl over him, gaze dark and sultry.

Soobin hears Beomgyu moan, low and wanton, as Taehyun takes hold of his dick and begins lavishing kitten-like licks up and down his length.

Yeonjun turns back to Soobin. “Binnie, my Binnie,” he says playfully, brushing Soobin’s damp fringe out of his face. “Are you okay to keep going, bunny boy?”

Soobin nods yes with hazy eyes, turning his head into Yeonjun’s palm to press sweet kisses to his skin.

“My pretty Binnie,” Yeonjun says, gaze soft and adoring. “Hyung loves you so much.”

Soobin tears up at this. “Love you too,” he chokes out, wetly, “Love hyung.”

Yeonjun, unable to resist, presses a kiss to Soobin’s forehead then straightens up, patting his cheek.

“On your hands and knees now, baby,” he prompts gently. “I’m going to let Hueningie fuck you while I use your mouth, okay? Want to see your pretty little face as Hueningie fills you up.”

Soobin whimpers in answering want, scrambling to his hands and knees to obey. Behind him, he hears Kai, already on-board, clicking open a bottle of lube. Then, there’s the press of a finger against his hole, gentle but insistent, dipping inside him.

In front of him, Yeonjun’s got Soobin’s jaw cupped in one hand, guiding his dick to Soobin’s mouth with the other. They start up in tandem like this, Yeonjun rocking gradually deeper into his mouth, thumb caressing Soobin’s cheeks as he does, Kai behind him, fucking him steadily open with one finger, then two, then a stinging stretch of three.

Yeonjun thumbs away the tears that spring to Soobin’s eyes at the unexpected burn, shushing him with gentle reassurances.

“Hueningie,” he speaks-up suddenly, gaze directed at Kai over Soobin’s head. “Are you being careful with my toy?”

This sparks a low groan from Kai. The fingers inside him slow, and the next time they slip inside him they’re slower, spreading gently to stretch him out instead of jabbing impatiently

in.

“Sorry, hyungie,” Kai says, apologetically. “I am now,” he adds.

Soobin moans around Yeonjun cock in his mouth when Kai’s fingers start curling upward to nudge at his prostate, sending sharp jolts of white-hot pleasure up his spine.

Yeonjun hums, pleased. “I think he likes that,” he says, teasing. “You can fuck him now, Hueningie, I think he’s ready.”

“You are, aren’t you, little toy?” he directs at Soobin, tapping at his cheeks.

Soobin sloppily moans his assent around Yeonjun, making him laugh.

“Go on then, Hueningie,” he urges. “My baby wants it.”

Kai’s pressing inside him and it's unbearable. The burn, the pleasure, the want. Soobin squeezes his eyes shut, overcome with sensation, tears spilling out over his lashes, streaming down his cheeks. Then, Kai’s fucking into him, slowly at first, then faster and faster, until his hips meet Soobin’s with a resounding slap every time he rams in.

“So pretty,” Yeonjun coos, taking Soobin’s fresh wave of tears.

The image Soobin makes is deplorable, ass in the air and full of cock, teary face gagging around another. Yeonjun tells him as much.

“You should see yourself, Soobinie,” Yeonjun continues freely. “You look filthy. My filthy little toy. I should keep you like this all the time, gagging on my cock all day. You’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

Soobin can only blink tearfully up at him in response, his own cock hard and aching beneath him.

“Don’t you agree, Hueningie?” Yeonjun asks, unheeding of Soobin’s tears. “Wouldn’t he be so perfect locked up all day just for us to use?”

“Uh huh,” Huening Kai pants, hips still rocking furiously into Soobin. “Want to keep Soobin-hyung all to ourselves forever. Won’t let anyone ever touch my hyungie or look at him again.”

It drives Soobin to madness.

“Please,” he tries to garble around Yeonjun’s thrusting down his throat. “Please, want.”

Yeonjun chuckles mockingly. “You really like that don’t you, little Soobinie? That’s all you’re good for, you know. To be our little toy, to do as you're told, and be used.”

It’s so much, it’s too much and Soobin’s slipping, falling into that hazy, pretty space, where it’s all softness and bliss and nothing at all matters except Yeonjun and Kai, and their cocks in him.

“Hyung, I’m close,” he vaguely registers Kai choking out behind him, and it makes him sink even faster, the way Hueningie isn’t even speaking to him, is fucking into him and ignoring him, like he really is just a toy for Kai’s pleasure.

“Go ahead, Hueningie,” Yeonjun encourages. Belatedly, Soobin realises that Yeonjun’s speaking to him too, his words far-away and distant, airy through the pleasant fog Soobin’s wrapped up in.

“Baby,” Yeonjun’s repeating, “Bunny.”

Soobin blinks up at him sluggishly.

“Bunny, I’m going to cum in your mouth, okay?” he says. Soobin tries to mumble a response but can’t think of the words, let alone form them around Yeonjun’s cock. He settles for blinking contentedly up at him instead.

“Pretty boy,” Yeonjun murmurs, “You can cum whenever you like, too, okay bunny? Hueningie will help you out.”

Kai’s hand finds Soobin’s cock from behind, pumping it to the tune of his own thrusts, and the pleasure’s electrifying, sending Soobin spinning blissfully through the sweet, dizzying haze in his head.

“Cum with me Soobinie-hyung,” Kai pants. Soobin whimpers a needy agreement.

“I’m cumming, hyungie, I’m cumming,” Hueningie breathes, and then Soobin’s cumming too, pleasure so pure and euphoric his vision goes white, cock jerking in Kai’s hand, releasing spurt after spurt of cum over his stomach, and Kai’s hand, and the bed. Inside him, Kai’s hips are stuttering, cock sheathing itself a final time in Soobin’s ass, twitching and releasing ropes of hot cum that fill Soobin up, marking his walls white.

Beside them, the other two, egged on, echo the sentiment, Beomgyu’s roughly yanking on Taehyun’s hair, fucking himself deep down his throat as he orgasms, to release his load, moaning brokenly and holding Taehyun’s head firmly in place as he does. Taehyun allows him to, swallowing obliging around the flood of cum down his throat, letting Beomgyu fuck the last of his climax into his face, until Beomgyu lets him up to draw a ragged breath of air.

Soobin, wrecked from his own orgasm, has his attention refocused on Yeonjun by his insistent hand on Soobin’s jaw.

“Do you want it, bunny?” Yeonjun asks, teeth gritted with his determination to hold back his orgasm a few seconds longer.

Soobin, mouth full, nods clumsily against his hand, eyes unfocused.

“You’re all mine, aren’t you?” Yeonjun demands.

Soobin nods again, more desperately this time.

“Good boy, Soobinie,” Yeonjun rasps, and then cum is filling Soobin’s mouth for the second time tonight. He swallows it down hungrily, tongue lapping at the underside of Yeonjun’s cock, floating through the bliss of Yeonjun’s orgasm with him.

“My perfect Soobinie,” Yeonjun groans, riding out the last of his climax, gripping Soobin’s cheeks tight. “My baby, my love. Mine”

Then, he’s slipping out of Soobin’s mouth, and pulling him into his arms, holding him tight.

Soobin drifts.

-

When Soobin comes back to himself, blinking his eyes open, he finds himself cuddled in Kai’s lap, being gently wiped clean by a doting Yeonjun. Beomgyu’s brushing his fringe out of his eyes, and he presses kisses to each of Soobin’s fluttering eyelids when he sees them opening. Snuggled into Hueningie’s side, Taehyun’s holding one of Soobin’s hands in his lap.

They’re so perfect, so wonderfully beautiful, that Soobin tears up, looking at them.

“Soobinie? What’s wrong?” Yeonjun asks, taking his face in his hands, concerned.

Soobin shakes his head.

“It’s nothing,” he sniffles, “I just love you all so much.”

Yeonjun kisses him tenderly, pressing his lips sweetly against Soobin’s. “We love you too Soobinie,” he murmurs.

“I love you, hyung,” Taehyun offers, caressing his hand softly.

“Love you, Soobin-ah,” Beomgyu adds.

Hueningie says nothing, just squeezes his arms around Soobin tight.

It’s everything Soobin’s ever wanted, he thinks, deliriously, rapturously happy.

To have them be his, and to be theirs.

End Notes

thank you for reading! you can come find me on twitter (18+) and retrospring (๑>ᴗ<๑)

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